

ILLICIT PASSION OF ILL FATED PAIR KNOWN TO MANY, CHARLOTTE IS SURE

Long Auto Rides Alone With Rector Matter of Gossip

Who fired the bullets which ended the mortal lives and love of Mrs. Eleanor Mills and the Rev. Edward Hall four years ago on the deserted Phillips farm near New Brunswick, N. J.? For four years the tragedy has been veiled in mystery. Now Charlotte Mills, daughter of the slain woman, tells some vital facts that she knows in connection with her mother's fatal romance.

My Own Story of My Mother's



Love and Murder

Charlotte Mills
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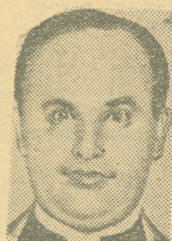
HARD DAYS

Terrible, terrible days followed—nightmare days that still haunt me.

I cannot write what I felt when I heard that the bodies of my mother and Mr. Hall had been found—murdered! And so frightfully, so brutally, so cruelly, with my mother's throat cut and her face marked not only with blood but by being spat upon. The doctors think the cutting had been done after death, which is a little grain of comfort to me.

There they had lain for two whole nights and more than a day—Thursday and Friday and up to nearly noon on Saturday, September 16, 1922, when a young man and a girl came across them as they were strolling in the fields and among the underbrush. Two whole nights my mother had lain there—while I was going about my life as usual!

Almost the first thought that occurred to me when I heard the awful news was that mother and



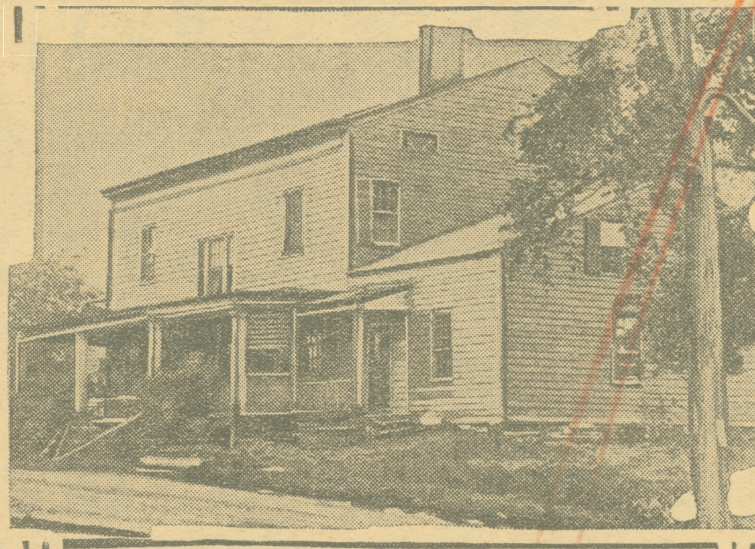
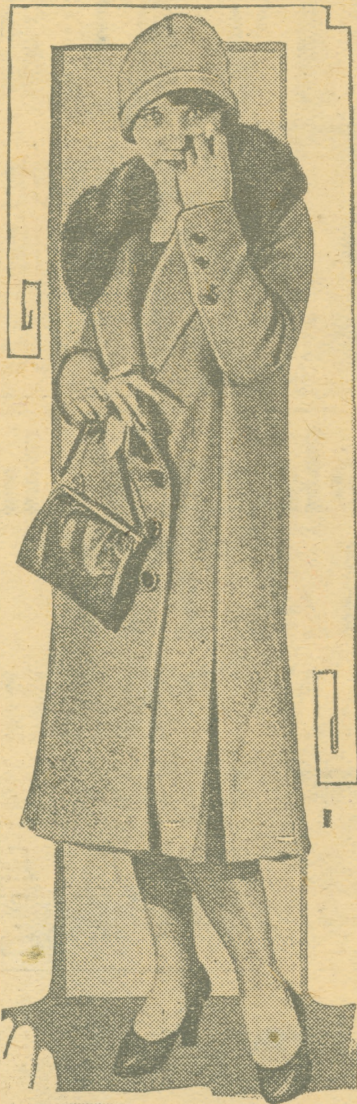
Mrs. Eleanor Mills Rev. E. W. Hall
Mr. Hall had paid a heavy price indeed for letting their love be known. That is what I thought four years ago, and what I still think.

Relations Known

I am convinced they had reached the point where they felt the only thing to do was for Mr. Hall to tell his wife the whole truth—that under all the circumstances it was the honorable thing, and the consequences, whatever they might have been, would be less terrible than for them to go on as things were, for they were living in the same far-apart relationship, I believe, as my mother and dad.

I believe that when Mr. Hall and mother made the telephone appointment to meet that night in De Russey's Lane it was their intention

Mother's Death Brought Much Grief



THE SLAYING OF MRS. ELEANOR MILLS took from her daughter, Charlotte (left), her best pal. The pair had been devoted to each other, Charlotte having been her mother's confidante. Photo also shows Phillips farm, on grounds of which tragic murder of Mrs. Mills and the Rev. Dr. E. W. Hall occurred four years ago.

and knew where the screws and bolts were kept, and could always find them while Mr. Hall was jacking up the car.

He taught her a little about driving, but she was better at repairs, and liked that part of it best.

A few days later Mrs. Hall met her at some church meeting, and one of the remarks mother said she made was: "Well, you are getting quite expert about the car now, aren't you?"

Which shows me she knew about that special trip, and that they often went out together and were happy in each other's company. If a woman can't put two and two together and sense the truth of a situation like that I guess I'm crazy.

Watched by Some One

I don't know whether she saw them herself that time or whether some friend reported it or whether (as gossip has it) certain persons whose business it is to do such work were put on their trail to watch.

I believe that when mother and Mr. Hall agreed to meet on the evening of September 14, 1922, their conversation was overheard.

Of course, my opinions aren't worth anything, but I can't help having them, nor can I help wanting passionately to see justice done in this murder that robbed me of my two best friends, mother and the man whose love she returned.

Mr. Hall was buried one day sooner than mother. I remember hearing that when his body was lowered into the vault his wife remained in the coach at the entrance of the lot, and I wondered how, if she regarded his love "as the most beautiful thing in her life" (which she said when questioned by reporters and others), she could have kept from watching until the very last instant as his body was going away from her into the earth. . . . The stone under which he lies is not marked at all.

I often wish I could go to his grave and think about things and sort of "talk" to him. In those first awful days when they both were gone I would have given anything in this world for some one I could have talked with and poured my heart out to.

People were kind to me, but nobody can ever be like those two or take their places.

Tomorrow Charlotte Mills relates her mother's philosophy of death. She tells, too, how the heartaches and humiliations following her mother's murder were tempered by offers of assistance. At least fifty men wanted to marry her. Read tomorrow's GRAPHIC.

to talk over the situation that was at hand.

I believe that either Mr. Hall had already told his wife the situation, or that he intended to immediately, and that Mr. Hall was fully aware that the truth was about to become known to every one.

Nothing can ever convince me that she had not suspected how things were for a long time—a year anyhow. A special incident comes to my mind that I thought nothing of at the time. Mother often used to make sandwiches and wrap them up in a parcel and go out of an afternoon for an hour or so with Mr. Hall in his car.

Little Concerned

I was just a youngster, with my school and my own little affairs (friends and parties and games and studies), and it never occurred to me to dig into mother's goings and comings and analyze them or speculate about them, as people seem to think I should have.

I knew they were friends, and that the church was everything to them, and that they had notices and programs and all sorts of church places to go and charities to see about. For the rest, I took it for granted.

I suppose that if any one had asked me: "Charlotte, do you think there is a love affair between your mother and Mr. Hall?" I would have thought a minute, and probably answered: "Well, I know they think the world of each other; I guess they do love each other." And, in my heart, I think I would have added: "I hope so."

Helped Repair Car

Well, any how, one day, the summer mother died, she had Mr. Hall went over toward Bound Brook way, I think, in his car, and they had a tire blowout. When mother came home she told me she was so proud of herself because she had helped Mr. Hall with the tire. She was good at mechanical things,

Harrisburg Men Feted Here on Good Will Tour

The Merchants' Association of New York yesterday entertained at luncheon at the Hotel Astor 350 members of the Harrisburg, Pa., Chamber of Commerce, who are making a good-fellowship visit to this city.

The same motive that so successfully carried out the recent Western tour of The GRAPHIC "ambassadors of the East" brought these visitors to New York.

"Our country's greatest need," said E. E. Biedleman, former lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania, principal speaker at the luncheon, "is greater unity and a better understanding between all sections of the nation. Important public problems should be considered from the standpoint of the common good, and not at the expense of any section. This condition can be best brought about through good-will tours such as this."

Others who spoke in the same vein were Francis J. Hall, president of the Harrisburg chamber, and Lucius R. Eastman, president of the Merchants' Association, who presided.

GETS HEIRLOOM

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 17.—The baptismal robe of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, wife of the secretary of the treasury under President Washington, has been left to Miss Louise Ferguson Sargent.

STRICKEN IN STATION

Stricken as he sat in a train at the Pennsylvania terminal, intending to see the tennis matches at Forest Hills, Queens, Dwight McDonald, attorney, died shortly afterward yesterday.

BROOKLYN DAY AT SESQUI

Tomorrow will be Brooklyn-Long Island Day at the Sesquicentennial International Exposition in Philadelphia.

Horses, Horses; Society Is Crazy Over Horses Now

A DEBUTANTE'S DAILY LETTER

The Most Entertaining Society Column in New York

New York, Sept. 17.

Dear Sue:—

Did you think I had died off?

Well, I fooled you this time. I can be a model correspondent—just so long, write you daily epistles and tell all that I know—and more too—and then I have to stop and rest awhile.

But cheer up, I'll be with you from now on. However, I didn't see that you were so anxious to keep up your end of the game after I laid off for a few days. I'll be watching for your "John Hancock" from now on.

Things are beginning to pick up here a little. The place isn't half so dead as it has been, but it'll be a few weeks before every one realizes that the season is approaching on horseback and that all the little debs are already picking out their particular victims.

Old Hoss Performs

Speaking of horseback, that's about the most interesting thing there is right now, what with Muriel Vanderbilt Church riding a 19-year-old nag at the Newport county fair, polo starting up and Belmont flourishing. The Newport gang hand it to Muriel's old horse. Wings really went over the hurdles like a youngster and Muriel came gallivanting in fourth place.

Sleepy Hollow is giving the younger generation its chance to display its horsemanship next Saturday. Their last year's show went off so well that they're repeating it.

Kids Barred From Leap

Even the kids under 11 come in for their stunts, everything from walk to canter, but all on the ground; no "up-in-the-air" stuff. Sixteen year olds and under dare try three-foot jumps and get judged on the way they keep their

seats and their general horsemanship. It's really an awfully good idea, this children's horse show; it gets the youngsters at it while they're young, instead of starting them after they mature and get awkward.

Samuel Streit is bossing the job this year, with Carle Conway, Pierpont Van D. Davis, R. C. Holmes and Andrew Mills the younger as henchmen. Mrs. James Danner, Dr. Howard B. Collins and Robert Grannis are to be high judges.

Bring on the baby circus ride!

Belay Peterson

"Less Clothes, Better Morals,"

Says Irvin Cobb, in Sensational and Brilliant Defense of the Modern Girl, in

Saturday's Week End
GRAPHIC
Magazine Section

DON'T MISS IT!

OTHER BIG FEATURES!